1607/5108

THE

Mourning Bride.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE

AND

COVENT-GARDEN.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

——Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.
OVID, de Arte Am.

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M. DCC LXXVII.

1607/5108

PROLOGUE.

THE time has been, when plays were not so plenty,
And a less number, new, would well content ye.
New plays did then like almanacks appear,
And one was thought sufficient for a year:
Though they are more like almanacks of late;
For in one year, I think, they're out of date.
Nor were they, without reason, join'd together;
For just as one prognosticates the weather,
How plentiful the crop, or scarce the grain,
What peals of thunder, or what showers of rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain rules,
What crops of coxcombs, or what floods of fools.
In such like prophecies were poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own tribe fulfill'd.
The dearth of wit they did so long presage,
Is fallen on us, and almost starves the stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor actors thresh such empty sheafs of straw?
Toiling and lab'ring, at their lungs' expence,
To start a jest, or force a little sense?
Hard fate for us, still harder in th'event;
Our authors sin, but we alone repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our charge, write worse;
'Twere some amends if they could reimburse;
But there's the devil, tho' their cause is lost,
There's no recovering damages or cost.
Good wits, forgive this liberty we take,
Since custom gives the losers leave to speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful wrath remains,
Take your revenge upon the coming scenes:
For that damn'd poet's spar'd, who damns a brother,
As one thief 'scapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the wits relate;
But from the rest we hope a better fate.
To please, and move, has been our poet's theme,
Art may direct, but nature is his aim;
And nature miss'd, in vain he boasts his art,
For only nature can affect the heart.
Then freely judge the scenes that shall ensue;
But as with freedom, judge with candour too.
He would not lose, through prejudice, his cause;
Nor wou'd obtain, precariously, applause.
Impartial censure he requests from all,
Prepar'd, by just decrees, to stand or fall.

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ALMERIA.

THE tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a princeſs, but in ſtatu quo;
And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
As if indeed a widow, or an heir.
I've leiſure, now, to mark your ſev'ral faces,
And know each critick by his ſour grimaces.
To poiſon plays, I ſee them where they ſit,
Scatter'd, like ratſbane, up and down the pit;
While others watch, like pariſh-ſearchers hir'd,
To tell of what diſeaſe the play expir'd.
Oh, with what joy they run to ſpread the news
Of a damn'd poet, and departed muſe!
But if he 'ſcape, with what regret they're ſeiz'd!
And how they're diſappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to plays for the ſame end reſort,
That ſurgeons wait on trials in a court:
For innocence condemn'd they've no reſpect,
Provided they've a body to diſſect.
As Suſſex men, that dwell upon the ſhore,
Look out when ſtorms ariſe and billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
That ſome well-laden ſhip may ſtrike the ſands,
To whoſe rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the ſpoils of Providence:
So criticks throng to ſee a new play ſplit,
And thrive and proſper on the wrecks of wit.
Small hope our poet from theſe proſpects draws;
And therefore to the fair commends his cauſe.
Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this play will favour find;
Which was an off'ring to the ſex deſign'd.

John Thompson

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

MANUEL, the King of Grenada.
GONSALEZ, his Favourite.
GARCIA, Son to Gonſalez.
PEREZ, Captain of the Guards.
ALONZO, an Officer, Creature to Gonſalez.
OSMYN, a noble Priſoner.
HELI, a Priſoner, his Friend.
SELIM, an Eunuch.

W O M E N.

ALMERIA, the Princeſs of Granada.
ZARA, a Captive Queen.
LEONORA, chief Attendant on the Princeſs.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes, attending Zara; Guards, &c.

SCENE, GRANADA.

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THE

Mourning Bride.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Room of State.*

The Curtain riſing ſlowly to ſoft Muſic, diſcovers Almeria *in mourning*; Leonora *waiting in mourning.*

After the Muſic, Almeria *riſes from her Chair, and comes forward.*

Alm. MUSIC has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,
To ſoften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And as with living ſouls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and perſuaſive ſound.
What, then, am I? Am I more ſenſeleſs grown
Than trees or flint? Oh, force of conſtant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anſelmo ſleeps, and is at peace; laſt night
The ſilent tomb receiv'd the good old king;
He and his ſorrows now are ſafely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hoſpitable boſom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear Madam, ceaſe,
Or moderate your grief; there is no cauſe——

Alm. No cauſe! Peace, peace; there is eternal cauſe,
And miſery eternal will ſucceed.
Thou canſt not tell——thou haſt indeed no cauſe.

Leon. Believe me, Madam, I lament Anſelmo,
And always did compaſſionate his fortune;
Have often wept, to ſee how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft, at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have ſtol'n from bed, and to his priſon crept;
Where, while his gaoler ſlept, I thro' the grate
Have ſoftly whiſper'd, and enquir'd his health;
Sent in my ſighs and pray'rs for his deliv'rance;
For ſighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou haſt a ſoft and gentle nature.
That thus could melt to ſee a ſtranger's wrongs.
Oh, Leonora, hadſt thou known Anſelmo,
How wou'd thy heart have bled to ſee his ſuff'ring's!
Thou hadſt no cauſe, but general compaſſion.

Leon. Love of my royal miſtreſs gave me cauſe;
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the chance of war
Had bleſs'd Anſelmo's arms with victory,
And the rich ſpoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his ſucceſs;
He did endear himſelf to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His moſt induſtrious goodneſs cou'd invent;
Propoſing, by a match between Alphonſo
His ſon, the brave Valentian prince, and you,
To end the long diſſention, and unite
The jarring crowns.

Alm. Why was I carry'd to Anſelmo's court?
Or there, why was I us'd ſo tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an enemy?
For ſo my father wou'd have us'd his child.
Oh, Alphonſo, Alphonſo!
Devouring ſeas have waſh'd thee from my ſight.
No time ſhall raze thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument:
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb:
But in my heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear reſemblance is for ever fix'd;
My love, my lord, my huſband ſtill, tho' loſt,

Leon. Huſband! Oh, heav'ns!

Alm. Alas! what have I ſaid?
My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I wou'd have kept that ſecret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deſerve all confidence.

Leon. The memory of that brave prince ſtands fair
In all report———
And I have heard imperfectly his loſs;
But fearful to renew your troubles paſt,
I never did preſume to aſk the ſtory.

Alm. If for my ſwelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in Valentia,
E'en on the day when Manuel, my father,
Led on his conqu'ring troops high as the gates
Of King Anſelmo's palace; which in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fir'd.
The good king flying to avoid the flame,
Started amidſt his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge—Wou'd that I had fall'n

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Amidſt thoſe flames—but 'twas not ſo decreed.
Alphonſo, who foreſaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ſhip
Ready to ſail; and when this news was brought
We put to ſea; but being betray'd by ſome
Who knew our flight, we cloſely were purſu'd,
And almoſt taken; when a ſudden ſtorm
Drove us, and thoſe that followed, on the coaſt
Of Afric: There our veſſel ſtruck the ſhore,
And bulging 'gainſt a rock, was daſh'd in pieces;
But Heav'n ſpar'd me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to ſhun
The ſhore, and ſave me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonſo periſh'd.

Leon. Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonſo?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd.
For when my lord beheld the ſhip purſuing,
And ſaw her rate ſo far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,
I wou'd conſent the prieſt ſhou'd make us one;
That whether death or victory enſu'd
I might be his, beyond the power of fate:
The queen too did aſſiſt his ſuit—I granted;
And in one day was wedded and a widow.

Leon. Indeed 'twas mournful———

Alm. 'Twas—as I have told thee———
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change theſe black and diſmal robes,
Or ever dry theſe ſwoln and watery eyes;
Or ever taſte content, or peace of heart,
While I have life, and thought of my Alphonſo.
[*Shouts at a diſtance.*

Leon. Hark!
The diſtant ſhouts proclaim your father's triumph.
O ceaſe, for Heav'n's ſake, aſſuage a little
This torrent of your grief, for, much I fear,
'Twill urge his wrath, to ſee you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in ev'ry other face.

Alm. And joy he brings to ev'ry other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine:
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I muſt be ſacrific'd, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonſo baſely broken.
No, it ſhall never be; for I will die
Firſt, die ten thouſand deaths—Look down, look down,
Alphonſo, hear the ſacred vow I make; [*Kneels.*
And thou, Anſelmo, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all impediments of purging fire,

To that bright Heav'n, where my Alphonſo reigns,
Behold thou alſo, and attend my vow.
If ever I do yield, or give conſent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord; may then juſt Heav'n ſhow'r down
Unheard of curſes on me, greater far
(If ſuch there be in angry Heaven's vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd—And now [*Riſing.*
My heart has ſome relief; having ſo well
Diſcharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet, one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when
Are wrapp'd and buſied in the general joy, [all
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to viſit good Anſelmo's tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear ſome fatal reſolution.

Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence—I feel myſelf more light,
And more at large, ſince I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more ſolemnly.
'Tis that, or ſome ſuch melancholy thought,
Upon my word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. The Lord Gonſalez comes to tell your high-
The king is juſt arriv'd. [neſs,

Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit* Alonzo.
That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds;
And gild and magnify his ſon's exploits.
But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence.

Enter Gonſalez.

Gon. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this.
The ſun, bright conqueſt, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conſpir'd to blaze promiſcuous light,
And bleſs this day with moſt unequal luſtre.
Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Loaden with ſpoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is ent'ring now, in martial pomp, the palace.
Five hundred mules precede his ſolemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of Mooriſh wealth.
Chariots of war, adorn'd with glitt'ring gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing ſteeds,
White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills,
That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they diſdain'd the victory they grace.
Priſoners of war in ſhining fetters follow:
And captains of the nobleſt blood of Afric

Sweat by his chariot-wheels.
The ſwarming populace ſpread every wall,
While you alone retire, and ſhun this ſight;
This ſight, which is indeed not ſeen (tho' twice
The multitude ſhould gaze) in abſence of your eyes.
Alm. My lord, mine eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours;
Nor will my ears be charm'd with ſounding words,
Or pompous phraſe, the pageantry of ſouls.
But that my father is return'd in ſafety,
I bend to Heav'n with thanks.
Gon. Excellent princeſs!
But 'tis a taſk unfit for my weak age,
With dying words, to offer at your praiſe.
Garcia, my ſon, your beauty's loweſt ſlave,
Has better done, in proving with his ſword
The force and influence of your matchleſs charms.
Alm. I doubt not of the worth of Garcia's deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.
Leon. Madam, the king. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Attendants to* Almeria *enter in mourning. Symphony of warlike muſic. Enter the* King, *attended by* Garcia *and ſeveral officers. Files of priſoners in chains, and guards, who are ranged in order round the ſtage.* Almeria *meets the* King, *and kneels: afterwards* Gonſalez *kneels and kiſſes the* King's *hand, while* Garcia *does the ſame to the Princeſs.*

King. Almeria, riſe—My beſt Gonſalez, riſe.
What, tears! my good old friend—
Gon. But tears of joy.
Believe me, Sir, to ſee you thus, has fill'd
Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.
King. By heav'n, thou lov'ſt me, and I'm pleas'd thou doſt;
Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To ſee thee weep on this occaſion—Some
Here are, who ſeem to mourn at our ſucceſs!
Why is't, Almeria, that thou meet our eyes,
Upon this ſolemn day, in theſe ſad weeds?
In oppoſition to my brightneſs, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.
Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In mourning and ſtrict life, for my deliv'rance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expir'd.
King. Your zeal to Heav'n is great, ſo is your debt:
Yet ſomething too is due to me, who gave
That life which Heav'n preſerv'd. A day beſtow'd
In filial duty, had aton'd and given

A diſpenſation to your vow——No more.
'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.
Yet, upon thought, it doubly wounds my ſight,
To ſee that ſable worn upon the day,
Succeeding that, in which our deadlieſt foe,
Hated Anſelmo, was interr'd——By heav'n,
It looks as thou didſt mourn for him: juſt ſo
Thy ſenſeleſs vow appear'd to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert preſerv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd Alphonſo periſh'd.
Ha! What! thou doſt not weep to think of that!

Gon. Have patience, royal Sir; the princeſs weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour ſhould be Alphonſo's loſs,
And her deliverance; is ſhe to blame?

King. I tell thee ſhe's to blame, not to have feaſted
When my firſt foe was laid in earth; ſuch enmity,
Such deteſtation bears my blood to his:
My daughter ſhould have revell'd at his death;
She ſhould have made theſe palace walls to ſhake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! by heav'n,
There's not a ſlave, a ſhackled ſlave of mine,
But ſhould have ſmil'd that hour, through all his care,
And ſhook his chains in tranſport and rude harmony.

Gon. What ſhe has done, was in exceſs of good-neſs;
Betray'd by too much piety, to ſeem
As if ſhe had offended. Sure, no more.

King. To ſeem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wo'not have a ſeeming ſorrow ſeen
To-day. Retire; diveſt yourſelf with ſpeed
Of that offenſive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow; for you,
It ſhall be your excuſe, that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your pardon, Sir, if I preſume ſo far,
As to remind you of your gracious promiſe.

King. Riſe, Garcia; I forgot.—Yet ſtay, Almeria.

Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleaſure, Sir?

King. Draw near, and give your hand; and, Garcia, yours.
Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your huſband, and my ſon.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myſelf for ever

The ſlave and creature of my royal miſtreſs.
Gon. O let me proſtrate pay my worthleſs thanks—
King. No more; my promiſe long ſince paſs'd, thy ſervices,
And Garcia's well-try'd valour, all oblige me.
This day we triumph; but to-morrow's ſun,
Garcia, ſhall ſhine to grace thy nuptials.
Alm. Oh! [*Faints.*
Gar. She faints! help to ſupport her.
King. How is't, Almeria?
Alm. A ſudden chilneſs ſeizes on my ſpirits.
Your leave, Sir, to retire.
King. Garcia, conduct her.
[Garcia *leads* Almeria *to the door, and returns.*
This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears.
Now, what would Alonzo?
Enter Alonzo.
Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arriv'd,
And with a train as if ſhe ſtill were wife
To Albucacim, and the Moor had conquer'd.
King. It is our will ſhe ſhould be ſo attended.
Garcia, which is he,
Of whoſe mute valour you relate ſuch wonders?
[*Priſoners led off.*
Gar. Oſmyn, who led the Mooriſh horſe; but he,
Great Sir, at her requeſt, attends on Zara.
King. He is your priſoner; as you pleaſe diſpoſe him.
Gar. I would oblige him, but he ſhuns my kindneſs;
And with a haughty mien, and ſtern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers. If he ſpeak,
'Tis ſcarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did diſdain to talk;
At leaſt to talk where he muſt not command.
King. Such ſulleneſs, and in a man ſo brave,
Muſt have ſome other cauſe than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, requeſt he might attend her?
Gar. My lord, ſhe did.
King. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.
Enter Alonzo, Zara *and* Oſmyn *bound, conducted by* Perez *and a Guard, and attended by* Selim *and ſeveral Mutes and Eunuchs in a Train.*
King. What welcome, and what honours, beauteous Zara,
A king and conqueror can give, are yours.
A conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with ſuch future ſtrike admiring eyes,

That had our pomp been with your preſence grac'd,
Th' expecting crowd had been deceiv'd; and ſeen
The monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleaſing triumph led; your beauty's ſlave.

Zar. If I on any terms could condeſcend
To like captivity, or think thoſe honours,
Which conquerors in courteſy beſtow,
Of equal value with unborrow'd rule
And native right to arbitrary ſway,
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this train
With uſual homage wait: but when I feel
Theſe bonds, I look with loathing on myſelf,
And ſcorn vile ſlavery, though doubly hid
Beneath mock-praiſes, and diſſembled ſtate.

King. Thoſe bonds! 'twas my command you ſhould [be free.
How durſt you, Perez, diſobey?

Perez. Great Sir,
Your order was, ſhe ſhould not wait your triumph;
But at ſome diſtance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis falſe; 'twas more; I bid ſhe ſhould be [free;
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes.
Her eyes did more than bid——Free her and hers
With ſpeed—Yet ſtay—my hands alone can make
Fit reſtitution here——Thus I releaſe you;
And, by releaſing you, enſlave myſelf.

Zar. Such favours, ſo conferr'd, tho' when un- [ſought,
Deſerve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd——
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by tranſcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, ſo by pre-eminence of ſoul
To rule all hearts.
Garcia, what's he, who with contracted brow,
[*Beholding* Oſmyn, *as they unbind him.*
And ſullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes;
At once regardleſs of his chains, or liberty?

Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I ſpoke; that's Oſmyn.

King. He anſwers well the character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant Oſmyn, that a man
So great in arms, as thou art ſaid to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war?

Oſm. Becauſe captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and juſt revenge.

King. I underſtand not that.

Oſm. I would not have you.

Zar. That gallant Moor in battle loſt a friend,

Whom more than life he lov'd; and the regret,
Of not revenging on his foes that loſs,
Has caus'd this melancholy and deſpair.

King. She does excuſe him; 'tis as I ſuſpected.
[*To* Gonſalez.

Gon. That friend may be herſelf; ſeem not to heed
His arrogant reply: ſhe looks concern'd.

King. I'll have enquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a priſoner. His name?

Zar. Heli.

King. Garcia, that ſearch ſhall be your care:
It ſhall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair ſhrine to lay my laurels down,
And raiſe love's altar on the ſpoils of war.
Conqueſt and triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
Fickle in fields, unſteadily ſhe flies,
But rules with ſettled ſway in Zara's eyes.

ACT II.

SCENE, *repreſenting the Iſle of a Temple.*

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

Alm. IT was a fancy'd noiſe, for all is huſh'd.

Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear, or elſe ſome tranſient wind
Whiſtling through hollows of this vaulted iſle.
We'll liſten——

Leon. Hark!

Alm. No, all is huſh'd, and ſtill as death—'tis dreadful!
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whoſe ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made ſtedfaſt and immoveable,
Looking tranquility! It ſtrikes an awe
And terror on my aching ſight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And ſhoot a chilneſs to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly ſpeak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place,
And ſilence, will increaſe your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; ſhew me Anſelmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and ſculls, and mould'ring earth
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,

Or wind me in the ſhroud of ſome pale corſe,
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more deteſted bed: that thought
Exerts my ſpirit; and my preſent fears
Are loſt in dread of greater ill. Then ſhew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my Alphonſo's ſoul.

Leon. I go; but Heav'n can tell with what regret.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Heli.

Heli. I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! ſure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining—There it ſounds—I'll follow it.

[*Exit.*

The SCENE *opening diſcovers a place of tombs; one monument fronting the view greater than the reſt.*

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

Leon. Behold the ſacred vault, within whoſe womb
The poor remains of good Anſelmo reſt,
Yet freſh, and unconſum'd by time or worms.
What do I ſee? Oh, Heav'n! either my eyes
Are falſe, or ſtill the marble door remains
Unclos'd; the iron grates, that lead to death
Beneath, are ſtill wide ſtretch'd upon their hinge,
And ſtaring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, ſignificant in ſhow,
Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall reſt; ſhews me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppreſs'd with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and ſink in ſlumbers
Of peace eternal. My father then
Will ceaſe his tyranny; and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My ſoul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the ſtarry orbs, and milky ways,
To my Alphonſo's ſoul. Oh, joy too great!
Oh, extaſy of thought! Help me, Anſelmo;
Help me, Alphonſo; take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call; to thee, Alphonſo;
Oh, Alphonſo!

Oſmyn *aſcending from the tomb.*

Oſm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonſo?

Alm. Angels, and all the hoſt of heav'n, ſupport me!

Oſm. Whence is that voice, whoſe ſhrillneſs, from the grave,

And growing to his father's ſhroud, roots up
Alphonſo?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! Oh, ſpeak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; ſpeak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy boſom, from the light,
And from my eyes.

Oſm. Amazement and illuſion!
Rivet and nail me where I ſtand, ye pow'rs,
[*Coming forward.*
That motionleſs I may be ſtill deceiv'd.
Let me not ſtir, nor breathe, leſt I diſſolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it ſinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and graſp her ſhade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe herſelf!
Nor dead, nor ſhade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, 'tis! it is my wife!

Enter Heli.

Leon. Alas! ſhe ſtirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes;
He, too, is fainting——Help me, help me, ſtrangor,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raiſe
Theſe bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with——Almeria!
Oh, miracle of happineſs! Oh, joy
Unhop'd for! does Almeria live!

Oſm. Where is ſhe?
Let me behold and touch her, and be ſure
'Tis ſhe:
Look up, Almeria, bleſs me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy huſband.

Alm. I've ſworn I'll not wed Garcia: why d'ye [force me?
Is this a father?

Oſm. Look on thy Alphonſo.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia;
Nor am I what I ſeem, but thy Alphonſo.
Am I ſo alter'd, or art thou ſo chang'd,
That ſeeing my diſguiſe, thou ſeeſt not me?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonſo; 'tis his face,
His voice, I know him now, I know him all.
Oh! how haſt thou return'd? How has thou charm'd
The wildneſs of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

Oſm. Oh, I'll not aſk, nor anſwer how, or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumſtance,
Or means, by which I have thee——

To fold thee thus, to preſs thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is ſo much joy,
I have not leiſure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while———
Let me look on thee yet a little more.
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To ſee thee thus again is ſuch profuſion
Of joy, of bliſs——I cannot bear——I muſt
Be mad——I cannot be tranſported thus.

Oſm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heaven of love!

Alm. Where haſt thou been? and how art thou alive?
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didſt ariſe?

Oſm. I did; and thou, my love, didſt call me; thou.

Alm. True; but how cam'ſt thou there? Wert thou alone?

Oſm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a diſtant voice
Diſturb'd the ſacred ſilence of the vault,
In murmers round my head. I roſe and liſten'd,
And thought I heard thy ſpirit call Alphonſo;
I thought I ſaw thee too; but, oh, I thought not
That I indeed ſhould be ſo bleſt to ſee thee——

Alm. But ſtill, how cam'ſt thou thither? How thus?———Ha!
What's he, who, like thyſelf, is ſtarted here
Ere ſeen?

Oſm. Where? Ha! what do I ſee, Antonio!
I'm fortunate indeed——my friend too, ſafe!

Heli. Moſt happily, in finding you thus bleſs'd.

Alm. More miracles! Antonio too, eſcap'd!—

Oſm. And twice eſcap'd; both from the rage of ſeas
And war: for in the fight I ſaw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a priſ'ner as yourſelf,
And as yourſelf made free; hither I came,
Impatiently to ſeek you, where I know
Your grief would lead you to lament Anſelmo.

Oſm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heav'n,
That perſevering ſtill, with open hand,
It ſcatters good, as in a waſte of mercy!
Where will this end? But Heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to beſtow,
When ſcanty number ſhall be ſpent in telling.

Leon. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpſe
Of two in ſhining habits croſs the iſle;
Who by their pointing, ſeem to mark this place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we muſt part ſo ſoon.

Oſm. I wiſh at leaſt our parting were a dream,
Or we could ſleep till we again were met.
Heli. Zara with Selim, Sir, I ſaw, and know 'em:
You muſt be quick, for love will lend her wings.
Alm. What love? Who is ſhe? Why are you alarm'd?
Oſm. She's the reverſe of thee; ſhe's my unhappineſs.
Harbour no thought that may diſturb thy peace.
Retire, my love, I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my friend will tell thee all;
How I eſcap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd Alphonſo now, but Oſmyn;
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet———
Alm. Sure we ſhall meet again———
Oſm. We ſhall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladneſs and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in abſence.
[*Exeunt* Alm. Leon. *and* Heli.
Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thoughts,
So ſhall you ſtill behold her———

Enter Zara *and* Selim.

Zar. See where he ſtands, folded and fix'd to earth,
Stiff'ning in thought, a ſtatue among ſtatues.
Why, cruel Oſmyn, doſt thou fly me thus?
Am I more loathſome to thee than the grave,
That thou doſt ſeek to ſhield thee there, and ſhun
My love; But to the grave I'll follow thee——
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barb'rous man!
Am I neglected thus? Am I deſpis'd?
Not heard! Ungrateful Oſmyn!
Oſm. Ha, 'tis Zara!
Zar. Yes, traitor! Zara, loſt, abandon'd Zara,
Is a regardleſs ſuppliant, now, to Oſmyn.
The ſlave, the wretch, that ſhe redeem'd from death,
Diſdains to liſten now, or look on Zara.
Oſm. Far be the guilt of ſuch reproaches from me;
Loſt in myſelf, and blinded by my thoughts,
I ſaw you not till now.
Zar. Now then you ſee me——
But with ſuch dumb and thankleſs eyes you look,
Better I was unſeen, than ſeen thus coldly.
Oſm. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn,
And only for his ſorrows choſe this ſolitude?
Look round; joy is not here, nor chearfulneſs.
You have purſu'd misfortune to its dwelling,

Yet look for gaiety and gladneſs there.
Zar. Inhuman! Why, why doſt thou rack me thus?
And, with perverſeneſs, from the purpoſe, anſwer?
What is't to me, this houſe of miſery?
What joy do I require? If thou doſt mourn,
I come to mourn with thee, to ſhare thy griefs,
And give thee, for 'em, in exchange, my love.
Oſm. Oh, that's the greateſt grief—I am ſo poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.
Zar. Thou haſt a heart, tho' 'tis a ſavage one;
Give it me as it is; I aſk no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For ſaving thee, when I beheld thee firſt,
Driv'n by the tide upon my country's coaſt,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compaſſion found thee;
Compaſſion! ſcarce will't own that name, ſo ſoon,
So quickly, was it love; for thou wert godlike
E'en then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry cheeks; then chaf'd
Thy temples, till reviving blood aroſe,
And, like the morn, vermilion'd o'er thy face.
Oh, Heav'n! how did my heart rejoice and ache,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy reſpiring lips!
Oh! why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this war
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated Manuel, I urg'd my huſband
To this invaſion; where he late was loſt,
Where all is loſt, and I am made a ſlave.
Oſm. You pierce my ſoul—I own it all—But while
The power is wanting to repay ſuch benefits,
'Tis treble anguiſh to a generous heart.
Zar. Repay me with thy heart—What, doſt thou ſtart?
Make no reply! Is this thy gratitude?
Look on me now, from empire fall'n to ſlavery;
Think on my ſuff'rings firſt, then look on me;
Think on the cauſe of all, then view thyſelf:
Reflect on Oſmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fall'n, the loſt, and now the captive Zara,
And now abandon'd—Say, what, then, is Oſmyn?
Oſm. A fatal wretch—A huge, ſtupendous ruin,
That tumbling on its prop, cruſh'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.
Zar. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vileſt,
If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin;
Ruin! 'tis ſtill to reign, and to be more

A queen; for what are riches, empire, power,
But larger means to gratify the will?
The ſteps on which we tread, to riſe and reach
Our wiſh; and that obtain'd, down with the ſcaffolding
Of ſceptres, crowns, and thrones; they've ſerv'd their end,
And are, like lumber, to be left and ſcorn'd.
Oſm. Why was I made the inſtrument to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?
Zar. We may be free; the conqueror is mine;
In chains unſeen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind and ſtrain him as I pleaſe.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.
Oſm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can beſtow. Set free yourſelf,
And leave a ſlave the wretch that would be ſo.
Zar. Thou canſt not mean ſo poorly as thou talk'ſt.
Oſm. Alas! you know me not.
Zar. Not who thou art!
But what this laſt ingratitude declares,
This groveling baſeneſs—Thou ſay'ſt true, I know
Thee not; for what thou art yet wants a name:
By ſomething ſo unworthy and ſo vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more loſt,
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monſter, cold, perfidious ſlave;
A ſlave not daring to be free; nor dares
To love above him; for 'tis dangerous. The king!
There, there's the dreadful ſound, the king's thy rival!
Sel. Madam, the king is here, and entering now.
Zar. As I could wiſh; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.
Enter the King, Perez, *and attendants.*
King. Why does the faireſt of her kind withdraw
Her ſhining from the day, to gild this ſcene
Of death and night? Ha! what diſorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be rival to the king,
Or lift his eyes to like where I adore?
Zar. There, he, your priſoner, and that was my ſlave.
King. How? better than my hopes! Does ſhe accuſe him? [*Aſide.*
Zar. Am I become ſo low by my captivity,
And do your arms ſo leſſen what they conquer,
That Zara muſt be made the ſport of ſlaves?
And ſhall the wretch, whom yeſter ſun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
Preſume to-day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the bolt red-hiſſing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that inſolence.
Hence to the wheel
With that Ixion, who aſpires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to whips and priſons
Drag him with ſpeed, and rid me of his face.
[*Guards ſeize* Oſmyn, *and* exeunt.

Zar. Compaſſion led me to bemoan his ſtate,
Whoſe former fate had merited much more:
And, through my hopes in you, I undertook
He ſhould be ſet at large; thence ſprung his inſolence,
And what was charity he conſtru'd love.

King. Enough; his puniſhment be what you pleaſe.
But let me lead you from this place of ſorrow,
To one where young delights attend:
Where ev'ry hour ſhall roll in circling joys,
And love ſhall wing the tedious-waſting day.
Life, without love, is load; and time ſtands ſtill:
What we refuſe to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Priſon.*

Oſmyn, *with a Paper.*

BUT now, and I was clos'd within the tomb
That holds my father's aſhes; and but now,
Where he was priſ'ner, I am too impriſon'd.
Sure 'tis the hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for ſome purpoſe points out theſe remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper; what it is this light will ſhew.
" If my Alphonſo"——Ha! [*Reading.*
" If my Alphonſo live, reſtore him, Heav'n;
" Give me more weight, cruſh my declining years
" With bolts, with chains, impriſonment and want;
" But bleſs my ſon, viſit not him for me.
It is his hand; this was his pray'r——yet more:
" Let ev'ry hair, which ſorrow by the roots [*Reading.*
" Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
" Be doubled in thy mercies to my ſon:
" Not for myſelf, but him, hear me, all-gracious——
'Tis wanting what ſhould follow——"Heav'n" ſhou'd follow,
But 'tis torn off——why ſhou'd that word alone
Be torn from this petition? 'twas to Heav'n, [thus,
But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but

Thus as the name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the ears of mercy from
His voice, ſhutting the gates of pray'r againſt him.
If piety be thus debarr'd acceſs
On high, and of good men the very beſt
Is ſingled out to bleed, and bear the ſcourge,
What is reward? or what is puniſhment?
But who ſhall dare to tax Eternal Juſtice!
Yet I may think—I may, I muſt; for thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reaſon can be born. [thou hither?
What noiſe! who's there? my friend? how cam'ſt

Enter Heli.

Heli. The time's too precious to be ſpent in telling.
The captain, influenc'd by Almeria's power,
Gave order to the guards for my admittance.

Oſm. How does Almeria? But I know ſhe is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to ſee her;

Heli. You may. Anon, at midnight, when the king
Is gone to reſt, and Garcia is retir'd, [king
She'll come.

Oſm. She'll come; 'tis what I wiſh, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? Oh,
To a vile priſon, and a captive wretch; [Heav'n!
To one, whom, had ſhe never known, ſhe had
Been happy. Why, why was that heav'nly creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forſakes?
Why does ſhe follow, with unweary ſteps,
One who has tir'd misfortune with purſuing?

Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate.
I've learn'd there are diſorders ripe for mutiny
Among the troops, who thought to ſhare the plunder,
Which Manuel to his own uſe and avarice [der,
Converts. This news has reach'd Valentia's frontiers,
Where many of your ſubjects, long oppreſs'd
With tyranny, and grievous impoſitions,
Are riſen in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead them to regain their rights and liberty.

Oſm. By heav'n, thou'aſt rous'd me from my lethargy,
The ſpirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood,
My people's voice has waken'd.

Heli. Our poſture of affairs, and ſcanty time,
My lord, require you ſhould compoſe yourſelf.

Oſm. Oh, my Antonio! I am all on fire;

My ſoul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidſt the foe with conqu'ring troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,
To victory; their ſhouts and clamours rend,
My ears, and reach the heav'ns. Where is the king?
Where is Alphonſo? Ha! where? where indeed?
Oh, I could tear and burſt the ſtrings of life,
To break theſe chains. Off, off, ye ſtains of royalty;
Off, ſlavery! Oh, curſe! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would ſoar and ſtoop at victory beneath.

Heli. Abate this ardour, Sir, or we are loſt.
Zara, the cauſe of your reſtraint, may be
The means of liberty reſtor'd. That gain'd,
Occaſion will not fail to point out ways
For your eſcape. Mean time, I've thought already
With ſpeed and ſafety to convey myſelf,
Where not far off ſome malecontents hold council
Nightly, who hate this tyrant; ſome who love
Anſelmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they ſhall know you live, aſſiſt your cauſe.

Oſm. My friend and counſellor, as thou think'ſt fit,
So do. I will, with patience, wait my fortune.

Heli. When Zara comes, abate of your averſion.

Oſm. I hate her not, nor can diſſemble love:
But as I may I'll do. Farewel,
My friend; the good thou doſt deſerve, attend thee.
[*Exit* Heli.
I've been to blame, and queſtion'd with impiety
The care of Heav'n. Not ſo my father bore
More anxious grief. This ſhould have better taught
This his laſt legacy to me: which here [me;
I'll treaſure, as more worth than diadems,
Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

Enter Zara, *veil'd.*

Oſm. What brightneſs breaks upon me thus, thro' ſhades,
And promiſes a day to this dark dwelling? [
Is it my love?——

Zara. Oh, that thy heart had taught
Thy tongue that ſaying! [*Lifting her veil.*

Oſm. Zara! I am betray'd by my ſurprize.

Zar. What, does my face diſpleaſe thee?
That, having ſeen it, thou doſt turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror?
If ſo, this ſable curtain ſhall again
Be drawn, and I will ſtand before thee, ſeeing,
And unſeen. Is it my love? Aſk again
That queſtion; ſpeak again in that ſoft voice;

And look again with wiſhes in thy eyes.
Oh, no! thou canſt not, for thou ſeeſt me now,
As ſhe whoſe ſavage breaſt hath been the cauſe
Of theſe thy wrongs; as ſhe whoſe barb'rous rage
Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons.

Oſm. You wrong me, beauteous Zara, to believe
I bear my fortunes with ſo low a mind:
No, not you,
But deſtiny and inauſpicious ſtars
Have caſt me down to this low being. Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deſerv'd it.

Zar. Canſt thou forgive me, then? wilt thou be-
So kindly of my fault, to call it madneſs? [lieve
Oh, give that madneſs yet a milder name,
And call it paſſion! then, be ſtill more kind,
And call that paſſion love.

Oſm. Give it a name,
Or being, as you pleaſe, ſuch I will think it.

Zar. Oh, thou doſt wound me more with this
thy goodneſs,
Than e'er thou couldſt with bittereſt reproaches;
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.

Oſm. Yet I could wiſh———

Zar. Haſte me to know it; what?

Oſm. That at this time I had not been this thing.

Zar. What thing?

Oſm. This ſlave.

Zar. Oh, Heav'n, my fears interpret
This thy ſilence; ſomewhat of high concern,
Long faſhioning within thy labouring mind,
And now juſt ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I ſo curs'd?

Oſm. Time may have ſtill one fated hour to come,
Which, wing'd with liberty, might overtake
Occaſion paſt.

Zar. Swift as occaſion, I
Myſelf will fly; and earlier than the morn,
Wake thee to freedom.

Oſm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, ſhould my ſecret purpoſe take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, ſuch benefits.

Zar. Thou canſt not owe me more, nor have I
To give, than I've already loſt. But now, [more
So does the form of our engagements reſt,
Thou haſt the wrong till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy juſtice to return
My love. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Oſm. This woman has a ſoul
Of godlike mould, intrepid, and commanding,

And challenges, in ſpite of me, my beſt
Eſteem;
But ſhe has paſſions which out-ſtrip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempeſts root
The ſea. I fear, when ſhe ſhall know the truth,
Some ſwift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold, ſhe comes
For whom I fear, to ſhield me from my fears,
The cauſe and comfort of my boding heart.

Enter Almeria.

Oſm. My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How ſhall I welcome thee to this ſad place?
How ſpeak to thee the words of joy and tranſport?
How run into thy arms, witheld by fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd, like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruiſe thy tender body,
And ſtain thy boſom with the ruſt of theſe
Rude irons? Muſt I meet thee thus, Almeria!

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt think how we might
meet
To part no more——Now we will part no more;
For theſe thy chains, or death, ſhall join us ever.

Oſm. Oh! O——

Alm. Give me that ſigh.
Why doſt thou heave, and ſtifle in thy griefs?
Thy heart will burſt, thy eyes look red, and ſtart;
Give thy ſoul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Oſm. For this world's rule, I would not wound
thy breaſt
With ſuch a dagger as then ſtruck my heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound
me more
Than knowing thou haſt felt it. Tell it me,
——Thou giv'ſt me pain with too much tenderneſs,

Oſm. And thy exceſſive love diſtracts my ſenſe.
Oh, wouldſt thou be leſs killing, ſoft, or kind,
Grief could not double thus his darts againſt me.

Alm. Thou doſt me wrong, and grief too robs my
If there he ſhoot not every other ſhaft; [heart,
Thy ſecond ſelf ſhou'd feel each other wound,
And woe ſhould be in equal portions dwelt.
I am thy wife——

Oſm. Oh, thou haſt ſearch'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords,
That ſtrain my cracking nerves; engines and wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that ſoul-racking thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd

Indeed, if that be ſo; if I'm thy torment,
Kill me, then, kill me, daſh me with thy chains,
Tread on me.
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worſt?
Oſm. My all of bliſs, my everlaſting life,
Soul of my ſoul, and end of all my wiſhes,
Why doſt thou thus unman me with thy words?
Thy ſorrows have diſturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou doſt ſpeak of miſeries impoſſible.
Alm. Didſt not thou ſay that racks and wheels were balm
And beds of eaſe, to thinking me thy wife?
Oſm. No, no; nor ſhou'd the ſubtleſt pains that hell
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wiſh or thought from me to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart:
Thou art my wife——nay, thou art yet my bride—
The ſacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccompliſh'd.
Is this dark cell a temple for that god?
Or this vile earth an altar for ſuch offerings?
This den for ſlaves, this dungeon damp'd with woes;
Is this to call thee mine? Oh, hold, my heart!
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, even thus to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremeſt extaſy:
But, oh, thou art not mine, not e'en in miſery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be ſo bleſs'd,
As to be wretched with thee.
Alm. No; not that
Th' extremeſt malice of our fate can hinder:
That ſtill is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feaſt and ſmile on paſt diſtreſs,
And hug, in ſcorn of it, or mutual ruin.
Oſm. Oh, thou doſt talk, my love, as one reſolv'd,
Becauſe not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou ſhalt be torn
From theſe weak, ſtruggling, unextended arms:
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will ſtrain,
To graſp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
Think how I am, when thou ſhalt wed with Garcia!
Then will I ſmear theſe walls with blood, disfigure
And daſh my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on this flinty floor my throbbing breaſt,
And grovel with gaſh'd hands to ſcratch a grave,
And bury me alive.
Alm. Heart-breaking horror!
Oſm. Then Garcia ſhall lie panting on thy boſom,
Luxurious, revelling amidſt thy charms.
Hell! Hell! have I not cauſe to rage and rave?

What are all racks, and wheels, and whips, to this?
Oh, my Almeria!
What do the damn'd endure, but to deſpair;
But knowing Heav'n, to know it loſt for ever?
Alm. Oh, I am ſtruck; thy words are bolts of ice,
Which ſhot into my breaſt, now melt and chill me.
Enter Zara, Perez, *and* Selim.
Zar. Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom?
Dare you diſpute the king's command? Behold
The royal ſignet.
Per. I obey; yet beg
Your majeſty one moment to defer
Your ent'ring, till the princeſs is return'd
From viſiting the noble priſoner.
Zar. Ha!
What ſay'ſt thou?
Oſm. We are loſt! undone! diſcover'd!
Speak of compaſſion, let her hear you ſpeak
Of interceding for me with the king!
Say ſomething quickly to conceal our loves,
If poſſible———
Alm.——I cannot ſpeak.
Oſm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till ſhe's gone; then bleſs me thus again.
Zar. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confuſion in his face, and grief in her's!
'Tis plain I've been abus'd———
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.
Oſm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to* Almeria, *as ſhe goes out.*
Diſtreſs'd, Heav'n will repay; all thanks are poor.
[*Exit* Almeria.
Zar. Damn'd, damn'd diſſembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my rage, and know the utmoſt depth
Of this deceiver——You ſeem much ſurpriz'd.
Oſm. At your return ſo ſoon and unexpected!
Zar. And ſo unwiſh'd, unwanted too, it ſeems.
—Confuſion! Yet I will contain myſelf.—
You're grown a favourite ſince laſt we parted;
Perhaps I'm ſaucy and intruding———
Oſm.———Madam!
Zar. I did not know the princeſs' favourite.
Your pardon, Sir———miſtake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to ſet
You free; but ſhall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an intereſt ſuperior.
Oſm. You do not come to mock my miſeries?

Zar. I do.
Oſm. I could at this time ſpare your mirth.
Zar. I know thou could'ſt; but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What miſeries?
Who would not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the care of weeping majeſty;
To have contending queens, at dead of night,
Forſake their down, to wake with wat'ry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hours of reſt?
Oh, curſe! I cannot hold———
Oſm. Come, 'tis too much.
Zar. Villain!
Oſm. How, Madam!
Zar. Thou ſhalt die.
Oſm. I thank you. [live.
Zar. Thou ly'ſt, for now I know for whom thou'dſt
Oſm. Then you may know for whom I die.
Zar. Hell! Hell!
Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown betrayer!
But now the dawn begins, and the ſlow hand
Of fate is ſtretch'd to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.
Oſm. You may be ſtill deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r—
Chain'd as I am, to fly from all my wrongs
And free myſelf at once, from miſery,
And you of me.
Zar. Ha! ſay'ſt thou—but I'll prevent it——
Who waits there? As you will anſwer it, look this ſlave [*To the guard.*
Attempt no means to make himſelf away.
I've been deceiv'd. The public ſafety now
Requires he ſhould be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the princeſs, ſuffer'd or to ſee
Or ſpeak with him. I'll quit you to the king.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou ſhalt repent
The baſe injuſtice thou haſt done my love:
Yes, thou ſhalt know, ſpite of thy paſt diſtreſs,
And all thoſe ills which thou ſo long haſt mourn'd;
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman ſcorn'd.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Room of State.*

Zara, *and* Selim.

Zar. THOU haſt already rack'd me with thy ſtay:

Therefore require me not to aſk thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your accuſation highly has incens'd
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Oſmyn; but to that, freſh news
Has ſince arriv'd, of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and diſtraction) ſome
Who bore high offices of weight and truſt,
Both in the ſtate and army. This confirms
The king in full belief of all you told him
Concerning Oſmyn, and his correſpondence
With them who firſt began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is ſign'd;
And order given for public execution.

Zar. Ha! haſte thee! fly, prevent his fate and mine;
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
More than his crown, t'impart ere Oſmyn die.

Sel. It needs not, for the king will ſtraight be here;
And as to your revenge, not his own int'reſt,
Pretend to ſacrifice the life of Oſmyn.

Zar. What ſhall I ſay? Invent, contrive, adviſe
Somewhat to blind the king, and ſave his life,
In whom I live.
Deviſe the means to ſhun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

Sel. My life is yours, nor wiſh I to preſerve it,
But to ſerve you. I have already thought.

Zar. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But ſay, what's to be done? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent or ſtop th' approaching danger?

Sel. You muſt ſtill ſeem moſt reſolute and fix'd
On Oſmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy
Might breed ſuſpicion of the cauſe. Adviſe
That execution may be done in private.

Zar. On what pretence?

Sel. Your own requeſt's enough.
However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cauſe to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And ſome of them bought off to Oſmyn's intereſt,
Who at the place of execution will
Attempt to force his way for an eſcape;
The ſtate of things will countenance all ſuſpicions.
Then offer to the king to have him ſtrangled
In ſecret by your mutes; and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant, and I'll acquaint you with the reſt.

Enter King, Gonſalez, *and* Perez.

King. Bear to the dungeon thoſe rebellious ſlaves;
But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let 'em be led away to preſent death.
Perez, ſee it perform'd.

Gonſ. Might I preſume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,
Till Oſmyn die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conſpiracy.

King. Then be it ſo.
Stay, ſoldier; they ſhall ſuffer with the Moor.
Are none return'd of thoſe that follow'd Heli?

Gonſ. None, Sir. Some papers have been ſince diſcover'd
In Roderigo's houſe, who fled with him,
Which ſeem to intimate, as if Alphonſo
Were ſtill alive, and arming in Valentia:
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their courſe.
Of the ſame nature divers notes have been
Diſpers'd t'amuſe the people; whereupon
Some, ready of belief, have rais'd this rumour—
That being ſav'd upon the coaſt of Afric,
He there diſclos'd himſelf to Albucacim;
And, by a ſecret compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this invaſion;
While he himſelf, returning to Valentia
In private, undertook to raiſe this tumult.

Zar. Ha! hear'ſt thou that? Is Oſmyn, then, Alphonſo?
Oh, certain death for him, as ſure deſpair
For me, if it be known——if not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the loweſt baſeneſs, now,
To yield him up—No, I will conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.

Gonſ. 'Tis not impoſſible. Yet it may be
That ſome impoſtor has uſurp'd his name.
Your beauteous captive Zara can inform,
If ſuch a one, ſo 'ſcaping, was receiv'd,
At any time in Albucacim's court.

King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeſeen, unwelcome hour of buſineſs,
Has thruſt between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing ſand,
Will quickly waſte and give again the day.

Zar. You're too ſecure: the danger is more imminent
Than your high courage ſuffers you to ſee;
While Oſmyn lives, you are not ſafe.

King. His doom

Is paſs'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.
Zar. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your en-
I find I can unfold what yet concerns [trance,
You more. One, who did call himſelf Alphonſo,
Was caſt upon my coaſt, as is reported,
And oft had private conference with the king;
To what effect I knew not then: but he,
Alphonſo, ſecretly departed, juſt
About the time our arms embark'd for Spain.
What I know more is, that a triple league
Of ſtricteſt friendſhip was profeſt between
Alphonſo, Heli, and the traitor Oſmyn.
King. Public report is ratify'd in this.
Zar. And Oſmyn's death requir'd of ſtrong neceſſity.
King. Give order ſtraight, that all the pris'ners die.
Zar. Forbear a moment; ſomewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear, and this your miniſter.
King. Let all, except Gonſalez, leave the room.
[*Exit* Perez, *&c.*
Zar. I am your captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwiſe
Your enemy,
I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted; ſome among 'em have reſolv'd
To reſcue Oſmyn at the place of death.
King. Is treaſon then ſo near us as our guards?
Zar. Moſt certain; tho' my knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.
King. What's to be done?
Zar. That too I will adviſe.
I have remaining in my train ſome mutes,
A preſent once from the ſultana queen
In the grand ſignior's court. Thoſe from their infancy
Are practis'd in the trade of death; and ſhall
(As their cuſtom is) in private ſtrangle
Oſmyn.
Gonſ. My lord, the queen adviſes well.
King. What off'ring, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy ſo great ſervices?
To caſt beneath your feet the crown you've ſav'd,
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.
Zar. Of that hereafter: but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give ſtrict charge, that none may be admitted
To ſee the pris'ner, but ſuch mutes as I
Shall ſend.
King. Who waits there?
Enter Perez.
King. On your life, take heed

That only Zara's mutes, or ſuch who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.
Zar. They, and no other, not the princeſs' ſelf.
Per. Your majeſty ſhall be obey'd.
King. Retire. [*Exit* Perez.
Gon. That interdiction ſo particular
Pronounc'd with vehemence againſt the princeſs,
Shou'd have more meaning than appears bareſac'd.
This king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not. [*Aſide.*] —Your majeſty ſure might have
The laſt reſtraint: you hardly can ſuſpect [ſpar'd
The princeſs is confed'rate with the Moor.
Zar. I've heard her charity did once extend
So far, to viſit him at his requeſt.
Gon. Ha!
King. How! She viſit Oſmyn! What, my daughter?
Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.
Zar. And after did ſolicit you on his
Behalf———
King. Never. You have been miſinform'd.
Zar. Indeed! Then 'twas a whiſper ſpread by ſome
Who wiſh'd it ſo; a common art in courts.
I will retire, and inſtantly prepare
Inſtruction for my miniſters of death.
[*Exeunt* Zara *and* Selim.
Gon. There's ſomewhat yet of myſtery in this;
Her words and actions are obſcure and double,
Sometimes concur, and ſometimes diſagree:
I like it not. [*Aſide.*
King. What doſt thou think, Gonſalez?
Are we not much indebted to this fair-one?
Gon. I am a little ſlow of credit, Sir,
In the ſincerity of woman's actions.
Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
Diſquiets her too much; which makes it ſeem
As if ſhe'd rather that ſhe did not hate him.
I wiſh her mutes are meant to be employ'd
As ſhe pretends—I doubt it now——Your guards
Corrupted! How? By whom? Who told her ſo?
I'th' evening Oſmyn was to die; at midnight
She begg'd the royal ſignet to releaſe him;
I' th' morning he muſt die again; ere noon
Her mutes alone muſt ſtrangle him, or he'll
Eſcape. This put together, ſuits not well.
King. Yet that there's truth in what ſhe has diſ- [cover'd
Is manifeſt from every circumſtance.
This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,
Are confirmation———that Alphonſo lives,

Agrees expreſsly too with her report.

Gon. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealouſy ſhe has diſcover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needleſs caution of the princeſs?
What if ſhe had ſeen Oſmyn? Tho' 'twere ſtrange;
But if ſhe had, what was't to her? Unleſs
She fear'd her ſtronger charms might cauſe the Moor's
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, friend.
There's reaſon in thy doubt, and I am warn'd——
But think'ſt thou that my daughter ſaw this Moor?

Gon. If Oſmyn be, as Zara has related,
Alphonſo's friend, 'tis not impoſſible
But ſhe might wiſh, on his account, to ſee him.

King. Say'ſt thou? By Heav'n, thou haſt rous'd a thought,
That like a ſudden earthquake ſhakes my frame.
Confuſion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this helliſh Moor.

Gon. That were too hard a thought——but ſee, ſhe comes——

'Twere not amiſs to queſtion her a little,
And try, howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, ſhe'll be concern'd
For Oſmyn's death, as he's Alphonſo's friend:
Urge that, to try if ſhe'll ſolicit for him.

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

King. Your coming has prevented me, Almeria;
I had determined to have ſent for you.
Let your attendant be diſmiſs'd; I have
[Leonora *retires.*
To talk with you. Come near; why doſt thou ſhake?
What mean thoſe ſwoll'n and red-fleck'd eyes, that look
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguiſh? Why this on the day
Which was deſign'd to celebrate thy nuptials;
But that the beams of light are to be ſtain'd
With reeking gore, from traitors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites;
Nor ſhall the guilty horrors of this day
Prophane that jubilee.

Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal: this, the day of death,
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows
Will undiſtinguiſh'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.

King. Whence is thy grief? Give me to know
the cauſe;
And look thou anſwer me with truth; for know
I am not unacquainted with thy falſhood.
Why art thou mute? Baſe and degen'rate maid!
Gon. Dear Madam, ſpeak, or you'll incenſe the
king.
Alm. What is't to ſpeak? Or wherefore ſhould I
ſpeak?
What mean theſe tears, but grief unutterable?
King. They are the dumb confeſſions of thy guilty
mind;
They mean thy guilt: and ſay thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd conſpirators to take my life.
Oh, impious parricide! Now canſt thou ſpeak?
Alm. O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy boſom,
And bend my flowing eyes to ſtream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compaſſion, take
Into thy womb the laſt and moſt forlorn
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent,
——I have no parent elſe—be thou a mother,
And ſtep between me and the curſe of him
Who was—who was, but is no more a father;
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes;
And for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.
King. Riſe, I command thee—and if thou would
Acquit thyſelf of thoſe deteſted names,
Swear thou haſt never ſeen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that moſt accurſed Oſmyn.
Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purpoſes. So Heaven's
My witneſs.
King. Vile, equivocating wretch!
With innocence! Oh, patience!—hear, ſhe owns it!
Confeſſes it! By Heav'n, I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd—all pains and tortures
That wit of man and dire revenge can think,
Shall he, accumulated, underbear.
Alm. Oh, I am loſt—There fate begins to wound.
King. Hear me, then; if thou canſt reply; know,
traitreſs,
I'm not to learn that curs'd Alphonſo lives;
Nor am I ignorant what Oſmyn is———
Alm. Then all is ended, and we both muſt die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou ſhalt not die.
And yet alone would I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,

Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
King. Hell, hell! Do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'ſt thou to my face avow thy guilt?
Hence, ere I curſe—fly my juſt rage with ſpeed?
Leſt I forget us both, and ſpurn thee from me.
Alm. And yet a father! Think, I am your child!
Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling;
Now curſe me if you can, now ſpurn me off.
Did ever father curſe his kneeling child?
Never; for always bleſſings crown that poſture.
Oh, hear me then, thus crawling on the earth——
King. Be thou adviſ'd, and let me go, while yet
The light impreſſion thou haſt made remains.
Alm. No, never will I riſe, nor loſe this hold,
Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.
King. Ha! Who may live? Take heed! No more
For on my ſoul he dies, tho' thou and I, [of that;
And all ſhou'd follow to partake his doom.
Away, off! let me go—Call her attendants.
[Leonora *and women return.*
Alm. Drag me; harrow the earth with my bare boſom;
I will not go till you have ſpar'd my huſband.
King. Ha! Huſband! Which? Who?
Alm. He, he is my huſband.
King. Who?
Alm. Oh———— [*Faints.*
Let me go, let me fall, ſink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death;
Yes, I will ſtrip off life, and we will change:
I will be death; then, tho' you kill my huſband,
He ſhall be mine ſtill, and for ever mine.
King. What huſband? Whom doſt thou mean?
Gon. She raves!
Alm. Oſmyn; he is my huſband.
King. Oſmyn!
Alm. Not Oſmyn, but Alphonſo, is my dear
And wedded huſband——Heav'n, and air, and ſeas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witneſs.
King. Wilder than winds or waves thyſelf doſt rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too ſhou'd catch thy madneſs.
Watch her returning ſenſe, and bring me word;
And look that ſhe attempt not on her life.
[*Exit* King.
Alm. Oh, ſtay, yet ſtay; hear me, I am not mad;
I wou'd to Heav'n I were——He's gone.
Gon. Have comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that tongue that bids me be of comfort;
Curs'd my own tongue, that could not move his pity;
Curs'd theſe weak hands, that could not hold him
For he is gone to doom Alphonſo's death. [here;

Gon. Your too exceſſive grief works on your fancy,
And deludes your ſenſe. Alphonſo, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's pow'r.

Alm. Hence, thou deteſted, ill-tim'd flatterer;
Source of my woes: thou and thy race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who couldſt alone have policy
And fraud to find the fatal ſecret out,
And know that Oſmyn was Alphonſo.

Gon. Ha!

Alm. Why doſt thou ſtart? What doſt thou ſee or hear?
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my Alphonſo's breaſt?
See, ſee; look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghaſtly herd glares by, all ſmear'd with blood,
Gaſping as it would ſpeak; and after, ſee;
Behold a damp, dead hand, has dropt a dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a voices cries murder! ah!
My father's voice! hollow it ſounds, and calls
Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I ſhall again behold my dear Alphonſo.

[*Exeunt* Almeria *and* Leonora.

Gon. She's greatly griev'd; nor am I leſs ſurpriz'd.
Oſmyn, Alphonſo! No; ſhe over-rates
My policy; I ne'er ſuſpected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her miſtake.
Her huſband too! Ha! Where is Garcia, then?
And where the crown that ſhou'd deſcend on him,
To grace the line of my poſterity?
Hold, let me think—if I ſhould tell the king——
Things comes to this extremity: his daughter
Wedded already——what if he ſhould yield,
Knowing no remedy for what is paſt,
And urg'd by nature pleading for his child,
With which he ſeems to be already ſhaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave
Anſelmo's race; yet if——that If concludes me.
To doubt when I may be aſſur'd, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To ſet him free? Ay, now 'tis plain. O well
Invented tale! He was Alphonſo's friend.
This ſubtle woman will amuſe the king.
If I delay——'twill do——or better ſo.
One to my wiſh. Alonzo, thou art welcome.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. The king expects your lordſhip.

Gon. 'Tis no matter.
I'm not i'the way at preſent, good Alonzo.

Alon. If't pleaſe your lordſhip, I'll return, and ſay
I have not ſeen you.

Gon. Do, my beſt Alonzo.
Yet ſtay, I would—but go; anon will ſerve—
Yet I have that requires thy ſpeedy help.
I think thou wou'ſt not ſtop to do me ſervice.

Alon. I am your creature.

Gon. Say thou art my friend.
I've ſeen thy ſword do noble execution.

Alon. All that it can your lordſhip ſhall command.

Gon. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word.
Thou'ſt ſeen,
Amongſt the followers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by ſigns.

Alon. I have, my lord.

Gon. Couldſt thou procure, with ſpeed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of thoſe, tho' purchas'd by his death, I'd give
Thee ſuch reward, as ſhou'd exceed thy wiſh.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where ſhall I wait your
lordſhip?

Gon. At my apartment. Uſe thy utmoſt diligence;
And ſay I've not been ſeen—Haſte, good Alonzo.
[*Exit* Alonzo.
So, this can hardly fail. Alphonſo ſlain,
The greateſt obſtacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Room of State.*

Enter King, Perez, *and* Alonzo.

King. NOT to be found! In an ill hour he's abſent.
None, ſay you? none! What, not the fav'rite eu-
Nor ſhe herſelf, nor any of her mutes, [nuch?
Have yet requir'd admittance?

Per. None, my lord.

King. Is Oſmyn ſo diſpos'd as I commanded?

Per. Faſt bound in double chains, and at full length,
He lies ſupine on earth; with as much eaſe
She might remove the centre of this earth
As looſe the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[*A Mute appears; and, ſeeing the king, retires.*

Ha! ſtop, and ſeize that mute; Alonzo follow him.
Ent'ring he met my eyes, and ſtarted back,
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his boſom,
As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

[Alonzo *follows him, and returns with a paper.*

Alon. A bloody proof of obſtinate fidelity!

King. What doſt thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I ſeiz'd the man,
He ſnatch'd from out his boſom this——and ſtrove
With raſh and greedy haſte, at once to cram
The morſel down his throat. I caught his arm,
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a poignard from his ſide,
And on the inſtant plung'd it in his breaſt.

King. Remove the body thence, ere Zara ſee it.

Alon. I'll be ſo bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me of my promiſe to Gonſalez.

[*Aſide. Exit.*

King. How's this? My mortal foe beneath my roof! [*Having read the letter.*
Oh, give me patience, all ye powers! No, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury——Ha! who's there?

Per. My lord.

King. Hence, ſlave! how dar'ſt thou bide, to watch and pry
Into how poor a thing a king deſcends,
How like thyſelf, when paſſion treads him down?
Ha! ſtir not, on thy life; for thou wert fix'd,
And planted here, to ſee me gorge this bait,
And laſh againſt the hook—By Heav'n, you're all
Rank traitors: thou art with the reſt combin'd;
Thou knew'ſt that Oſmyn was Alphonſo; knew'ſt
My daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the ſpy and pander to their meeting.

Per. By all that holy, I'm amaz'd——

King. Thou ly'ſt.
Thou art accomplice too with Zara; here
Where ſhe ſets down—*Still will I ſet thee free*——
[Reading.
That ſomewhere is repeated—*I have power*
O'er them that are thy guards—Mark that, thou traitor.

Per. It was your majeſty's command I ſhould
Obey her order.——

King. [Reading.——*And ſtill will I ſet*
Thee free, Alphonſo—Hell! curs'd, curs'd Alphonſo!
Falſe and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!

Away, be gone, thou feeble boy, fond love;
All nature, ſoftneſs, pity and compaſſion,
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate within my breaſt, revenge and gall.
By Heav'n, I'll meet, and counterwork this treachery.
Hark thee, villain, traitor—anſwer me, ſlave.

Per. My ſervice has not merited thoſe titles.

King. Dar'ſt thou reply?—thy ſervice! thine!
What's thy whole life, thy ſoul, thy all, to my
One moment's eaſe? Hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head:
Drench me thy dagger in Alphonſo's heart.
Why doſt thou ſtart? Reſolve, or——

Per. Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when ſhe comes to ſet
him free.
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorſe.
[Perez *going.*
—Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater diſappointment:
When thou haſt ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell where ſhe'll expect to ſee him
Be darken'd, ſo as to amuſe the ſight.
I'll be conducted thither——mark we well——
There with his turbant, and his robe array'd,
And laid along, as he now lies, ſupine,
I ſhall convict her, to her face, of falſhood.
When for Alphonſo's ſhe ſhall take my hand,
And breathe her ſighs upon my lips for his;
Sudden I'll ſtart and daſh her with her guilt.
But ſee, ſhe comes. I'll ſhun th' encounter; thou
Follow me, and give heed to my direction. [*Exe.*

Enter Zara *and* Selim.

Zar. Ha! 'Twas the king,
The king that parted hence! frowning he went:
Doſt think he ſaw me?

Sel. Yes: but then, as if he thought
His eyes had err'd, he haſtily recall'd
Th' imperfect look, and ſternly turn'd away.

Zar. Shun me when ſeen! I fear thou haſt undone me.

Sel. Avert it, Heav'n, that you ſhould ever ſuffer
For my defect; or that the means which I
Devis'd to ſerve, ſhould ruin your deſign.
Preſcience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being man,
I needs muſt fail, impute not as a crime
My nature's want, but puniſh nature in me;
I plead not for a pardon, and to live,
But to be puniſh'd and forgiven. Here, ſtrike;

I bare my breaſt to meet your juſt revenge.
Zar. I have not leiſure now to take ſo poor
A forfeit as thy life; ſomewhat of high
And more important fate requires my thought.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge; for I'm reſolv'd.
Give order that the two remaining mutes
Attend me inſtantly, with each a bowl
Of ſuch ingredients mix'd, as will with ſpeed
Benumb the living faculties, and give
Moſt eaſy and inevitable death.
Yes, Oſmyn, yes; be Oſmyn or Alphonſo,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'ſt be free:
Such liberty as I embrace myſelf,
Thou ſhalt partake. Since fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee, to keep my word. [*Exe.*

SCENE *opening, ſhews the Priſon.*

Enter Gonſalez *diſguiſed like a mute, with a dagger.*

Gon. Nor centinel, nor guard! the doors unbarr'd!
And all as ſtill, as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been buſy here.
There lies my way; that door too is unlock'd.
[*Looking in.*
Ha! ſure he ſleeps—all's dark within, ſave what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a ſickly flame,
By fits reveals—his face ſeems turn'd, to favour
Th' attempt: I'll ſteal and do it unperceiv'd.
What noiſe! ſomebody coming? is't Alonzo?
Nobody. Sure he'll wait without———I would
'Twere done—I'll crawl, and ſting him to the heart,
Then caſt my ſkin, and leave it there to anſwer it.
[*Goes in.*

Enter Gonſalez *bloody.*

Gon. Perdition choak your clamours—whence this rudeneſs?
Garcia!
Gar. Perdition, ſlavery, and death,
Are ent'ring now our doors. Where is the king?
What means this blood; and why this face of horror?
Gon. No matter—give me firſt to know the cauſe
Of theſe your raſh and ill-tim'd exclamations.
Gar. The eaſtern gate is to the foe betray'd,
Who, but for heaps of ſlain that choak the paſſage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unleſs
The king in perſon animate our men,
Granada's loſt; and to confirm this fear,
The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
Are through a poſtern fled, and join the foe.
Gon. Would all were falſe as that; for whom you call

The Moor is dead. That Oſmyn was Alphonſo;
In whoſe heart's blood this poignard yet is warm.
Gar. Impoſſible! for Oſmyn was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by Perez for Alphonſo.
Gon. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wrong'd your eaſy faith.
[Garcia *goes in.*
Alon. My lord, for certain truth Perez is fled;
And has declar'd, the cauſe of his revolt
Was to revenge a blow the king had giv'n him.
Gar. [*Returning.*] Ruin and horror! Oh, heart-wounding ſight!
Gon. What ſays my ſon? What ruin? Ha! what horror?
Gar. Blaſted my eyes, and ſpeechleſs be my tongue,
Rather than or to ſee, or to relate
This deed—Oh, dire miſtake! Oh, fatal blow!
The king———
Gon. Alon. The king!
Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in blood.
See, ſee, attir'd like Oſmyn, where he lies.
[*They look in.*
Oh, whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner or the cauſe?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all ſhould turn our ſwords againſt
Ourſelves, and expiate with our own, his blood.
Gon. Oh, wretch! Oh, curs'd and raſh deluded fool!
On me, on me turn your avenging ſwords.
I, who have ſpilt my royal maſter's blood,
Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of my own ſon.
Gar. Ha! what! atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.
Gon. Oh, my ſon! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondneſs theſe ills aroſe.
For thee I've been ambitious, baſe, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this ſea of ſin;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While t'other bore the crown (to wreathe thy brow)
Whoſe weight has ſunk me, ere I reach'd the ſhore.
Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is enter'd:
[*Shout.*
The ſhrilneſs of that ſhout ſpeaks them at hand.
Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body.
Require me not to tell the means, till done,
Leſt you forbid what you may then approve.
[*Goes in. Shout.*
Gon. They ſhout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the ſoldiers were amus'd with hopes;

And in the mean time fed with expectation
To ſee the king in perſon at their head.
Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no care, nor haſte, and try,
Or to repel their force, or bravely die. [*Exit* Garc.

Re-enter Alonzo.

Gon. What haſt thou done, Alonzo?
Alon. Such a deed,
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Though for the crown of univerſal empire.
But what are kings reduc'd to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obſcure corner
Diſpos'd it, muffled in the mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them who enter next,
Alone the undiſtinguiſhable trunk:
Which may be ſtill miſtaken by the guards
For Oſmyn, if in ſeeking for the king
They chance to find it.
Gon. 'Twas an act of horror;
And of a piece with this day's dire miſdeeds,
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haſte thee, Alonzo, haſte thee hence with ſpeed,
To aid my ſon. I'll follow with the laſt
Reſerve, to reinforce his arms: at leaſt,
I ſhall make good and ſhelter his retreat.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Zara, *followed by* Selim, *and two Mutes bearing the Bowls.*

Zar. Silence and ſolitude are every where.
Through all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is ſeen or heard.
Let 'em ſet down the bowls, and warn Alphonſo
That I am here—ſo. You return, and find

[*Mutes going in.*

The king; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed.

[*Exit* Selim.

Enter Mutes.

Zar. What have you ſeen? Ha! wherefore ſtare you thus [*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*
With haggard eyes? Why are your arms acroſs?
Your heavy and deſponding heads hung down?
Why is't you more than ſpeak in theſe ſad ſigns?
Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

[*They go to the ſcene, which opening, ſhe perceives the body.*

Ha! proſtrate! bloody! headleſs! Oh——I'm loſt

Oh, Oſmyn! Oh, Alphonſo! Cruel fate!
Cruel, cruel! Oh, more than killing object!
I came prepar'd to die, and ſee thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd myſelf to give thee death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Oſmyn——
Oh, this accurs'd, this baſe, this treach'rous king!

Enter Selim.

Selim. I've ſought in vain, for no where can the king
Be found—— [king

Zar. Get thee to hell, and ſeek him there.
[*Stabs him.*
His helliſh rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counſel. [warded.

Sel. You thought it better then——but I'm re-
The mute you ſent, by ſome miſchance was ſeen,
And forc'd to yield your letter with his life;
I found the dead and bloody body ſtripp'd——
My tongue faulters, and my voice fails—I ſink—
Drink not the poiſon—for Alphonſo is—— [*Dies.*

Zar. As thou art now—and I ſhall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead: for 'twas decreed
We both ſhould die. Nor is't that I ſurvive;
I have a certain remedy for that.
But, oh, he dy'd unknowing in my heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height;
Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
A martyr and a victim to my vows.
Inſenſible of this laſt proof he's gone!
Then wherefore do I pauſe!—Give me the bowl.
[*A Mute kneels, and gives one of the bowls.*
Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle ſpirit,
Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.
This to our mutual bliſs, when join'd above. [*Drinks.*
Oh, friendly draught, already in my heart.
Cold, cold! my veins are iſicles and froſt.
I'll creep into his boſom, lay me there;
Cover us cloſe—or I ſhall chill his breaſt,
And fright him from my arms—See, ſee, he ſlides
Still farther from me; look, he hides his face,
I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach——
Oh, now he's gone, and all is dark!—— [*Dies.*
[*The Mutes kneel, and mourn over her.*

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

Alm. Oh, let me ſeek him in this horrid cell;
For in the tomb, or priſon, I alone
Muſt hope to find him.

Leon. Heavens! what diſmal ſcene
Of death is this? The eunuch Selim ſlain!

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in ſearch of death;
But want a guide, for tears have dimm'd my ſight.

Leon. Alas! a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! Two frightful men,
Who ſeem the murderers, kneel weeping by;
Feeling remorſe too late for what they've done.
But, oh, forbear—lift up your eyes no more;
But haſte away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miſeries are multiply'd; return,
Return, and look not on; for there's a dagger
Ready to ſtab the ſight, and make your eyes
Rain blood———

Alm. Oh, I foreknow, foreſee that object.
Is it at laſt, then, ſo? Is he, then, dead?
—I do not weep! The ſprings of tears are dry'd;
And, of a ſudden, I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my huſband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll ſluice this heart,
The ſource of woe, and let the torrent looſe.
—Thoſe men have left to weep! they look on me!
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have ſlain thoſe innocents:
I am the ſacrifice deſign'd to bleed,
And come prepar'd to yield my throat—They ſhake
Their heads in ſign of grief and innocence!
[*They point at the bowl on the ground.*
And point! What mean they? Ha! a cup; oh, well,
I underſtand what med'cine has been here.
Oh, noble thirſt! yet greedy to drink all———
Oh, for another draught of death———
[*They point at the other cup.*
'Tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the lib'ral hand that fill'd thee thus,
I'll drink my glad acknowledgment———

Leon. Oh, hold,
For mercy's ſake, upon my knee I beg——

Alm. With thee the kneeling world ſhould beg in vain.
Seeſt thou not there? Behold who proſtrate lies,
And pleads againſt thee; who ſhall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting leave
From his pale lips; I'll kiſs him ere I drink,
Leſt the rank juice ſhould bliſter on my mouth,
And ſtain the colour of my laſt adieu.
Horror! a headleſs trunk! nor lips nor face,
[*Coming near the body, ſtarts and lets fall the cup.*
But ſpouting veins, and mangled fleſh! Oh, oh!

Enter Alphonſo, Heli, Perez, *with* Garcia *priſoner.* *Guards and Attendants.*

Alph. Away, ſtand off; where is ſhe? Let me fly,

Save her from death, and ſnatch her to my heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alph. Forbear; my arms alone ſhall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladneſs.
Give a new birth to thy long-ſhaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this dream intend?

Alph. Oh, may'ſt thou never dream of leſs delight,
Nor ever wake to leſs ſubſtantial joys.

Alm. Giv'n me again from death! Oh, all ye pow'rs,
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe,
My ſight?—Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With apparitions and affrighting phantoms:
This is my lord, my life, my only huſband,
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too ſhall have compaſſion———

Alph. Oh, my heart's comfort! 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail life, to be entirely bleſs'd. E'en now,
In this extremeſt joy my ſoul can taſte,
Yet I am daſh'd to think that thou muſt weep;
Thy father fell where he deſign'd my death.
Gonſalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have, with their laſt breath, confeſs'd
The juſt decrees of Heav'n, which on themſelves
Has turn'd their own moſt bloody purpoſes.
Nay, I muſt grant, 'tis fit you ſhould be thus—

[*She weeps.*

Ill-fated Zara!—Ha! a cup! Alas,
Thy error, then, is plain! but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
Oh, Garcia!—
Whoſe virtue has renounc'd thy father's crimes,
Seeſt thou how juſt the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence ſurvive,
Still in the paths of honour perſevere,
And not from paſt or preſent ills deſpair:
For bleſſings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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